Collected in the Original Irish from the Lips

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of Irish Stery Tellers.

TENTH TALE.

Binimus, Son of Apple, in the Kingdom of the White Strand. There was a king in Erin long ago who had two sons and one daughter. On a day of days

the daughter walked into her father's garden. in which she saw an apple tree with only one apple on it; she took the apple and ate it.

There was an old druid in the castle, who w the King's daughter going out, and met

per coming in. Well," said he. "you had the look of a maiden when you were going out, and you have the look of a married woman coming in." Those who were near heard the saying of the druld, and it was going the rounds till it came to the King. The King went at once to the druid and asked:

What is this that you say touching my daughter?"

I have said nothing." answered the druid. "You must tell me your words," said the ng, "and prove them or lose your head." "Oh, as you are going so far you must give me time, and if a few months do not prove my

ords true you may cut the head off me." The Princees was then taken to the top of the King's castle, where no one could see her but her maid. There she remained till she gave birth to a son with a golden spot on his poll and a silver spot on his forehead. He was so beautiful that if sunshine and breeze ever rested on a child, they would rest on him; and what of him did not grow in the day grew at night. He grew so quickly that soon he was as large as the King's sons, his uncles, and rose out to be a great champion. One of the days of days when the two sons

of the King were hunting there was snow on the ground and they killed a hare. Some of the bare's blood fell on the snow, and they said that that was a beautiful meeting of colors. They were wondering could any woman be found with such colors on her face, white shining through the red. When they came home in the evening they asked the old druid could a woman of that sort be found. He answered that if she could, little good would it do them; they could find wives good enough for them near home. They said that that was no matter, but to tell them where was the

woman they had asked for.
"That woman," said the druid, "is the daughter of the King of the kingdom of the White Strand. Hundreds of champions have lost their heads for her, and if you go you will

The elder son said: "We do not mind that: The brothers had no vessel to take them to

the kingdom of the White Strand, and the elder said he would build one. He took tools one morning and set out for the seashore. When just outside the castle he heard a voice asking: "Where are you going. King's son?" "I am going to make a turkey pen," anawered the young man.

"May you prosper in justice and right," said

The King's son began to build the ship that day, and in the evening what had he built but a turkey pen? When he came home, they maked what had he done.

"Nothing: I made only a turk ey pen." "Oh." said the second son, "you are a fool. I knew that you could do nothing good." On the following morning the second son started for the seashore, and the voice spoke to him and asked: "Where are you going,

'To build a pigsty," answered he. "May you prosper in justice and right," said

He worked all day, and in the evening it was a pigsty that he had. He came home, and now the brothers were doleful because they had not a ship in which to sail to the Princess. The following morning the King's grandso: said: "Give me the tools to see can I myself

do anything." What can you do, you fool?" asked the

"That matters not," replied he. He left the to his uncles it spoke to him also, and asked: What are you going to do, Blaiman, son of Apple?" (he did not know his origin till then). I am going to build a ship," said Blaiman.

"That it may thrive with you in justice and right," said the voice.

He went off to the edge of a wood that was growing at the seashore, gave merely one place in the vessel. In the evening Blaimar deep see. When finished the ship was at the edge of the shore; he gave it one blow of a sledge and sent it out to deep water. Biniman went home full of gladness. What have you done?" asked the uncles.

"Go out and see for yourselves." answered

The two went and saw the ship in the harbor They were delighted to see the fine vessel as they themselves could not build it. voice had built it with Blainam in return for his truth.

Next morning provisions for a day and a year were placed in the vessel. The two sons of the King went on board, raised the sails. and were moving out toward the great ocean. Blatman saw the ship leaving and began to ery: he was sorry that after building the ship it was not he who had the first trial of his own work. When his mother heard him she also grew sorry, and asked what trouble was on him, and he told her that after he had built the ship he wanted to have the first trial of it.

"You are foolish," said she. "You are only a boy yet; your hones are not hard. You must not think of going to strange countries."

He answered that nothing would do him but to go. The old King, the grandfather, wanted Blaiman to stay, but he would not.
"Well," said the King, "what I have not

done for another I will do now for you. I will give you my sword, and you will never be put Blaiman left the house then; the vessel was outside the harbor already. He ran to the mouth of the narbor, and, placing the point of the sword on the brink of the shore, gave one leap out on board. The two uncles were amazed when they saw what their nephew had done, and were full of joy at having him with them. They turned the ship's prow to the sea and the stern to land. They raised to the tops of the hard tough, stained musts the great sweeping sails, and took their capacious smoothly polished vessel past harbors with gently sloping shores, and there the ship left behind it pale green wavelets. Then, with a mighty wind, they went through great flashing stern-dashing wayes with such force that not a nail in the ship was unheated, or a finger on a man inactive; and so did the ship hurry forward that its stern rubbed its prow, and i

When the wind falled they sat down with the cars of fragrant beech or white ash. and with every stroke they sent the ship forward three leagues on the sea, where fishes seals and monsters rose around them. making music and sport, and giving courage to the men; and the three never stopped nor cooled until they sailed into the kingdom of the White Strand. Then they drew their vesse! to a p'oce where no wave was striking, nor id rocking it, nor the sun splitting it, nor even a crow of the air dropping upon it; but a slean afrand below it and coarse sand on which wavelets were breaking. They cant two

raised before it by dint of sailing a proud, haughty ridge through the middle of the fair

and gave the vessel the fixing of a day and a full year, though they might not be absent

on the following day they saw one wide forest as far as the eye could reach; they knew not what manner of land it was.

"Would you go and inquire," said Blaiman to the elder uncle, "what sort of a country this is inside." The uncle went in very slowly, among the trees, and at last, seeing flashes of light through the forest, rushed back in

terror, the eyes starting out of his head. What news have you?" asked Blaiman. "I saw flashes of fire and could not go further," said the elder King's son. "Go you," said Blaiman to the other, "and bring some account of the country."

He did not go much further than the elder

brother, then came back and said: as well sail home again."
"Well," said Blaiman, "you have provisions

for a day and a year in this vessel. I will go now, and do you remain here; if I am not back before the end of the day and the year wait no longer." He gave them good-by, then went on and entered the forest. It was not long till he met with the flashes; he did not mind them, but went forward, and when he had gone a good distance he found the trees further apart and scattered. Leaving the trees. he came out on a broad open plain; in the middle of the plain was a castle, in front of the castle twelve champions practising at feats of arms; and it was the flashes from the blows of their swords that he and his uncles had seen in the forest. So skilled were the champions that not one of them could draw a drop

of blood from another. Blaiman was making toward them. the side of the path there was a small hut, and as he was passing the door an old woman came out and hailed him. He turned and she said: "A hundred thousand welcomes to

you, Blaiman, son of Apple from Erin." Well, good woman." said Blaiman, "you have the advantage. You know me, but I have

no knowledge of you." "I know you well," said she, " and do not like to have you come hera. Do you see those twelve men there opposite? You are going to make for them now, but rest on your legs and let the beginning of another day come."

"Your advice may be good," said Blaiman, and went in. The old woman prepared his supper as well as it was ever prepared at his grandfather's house at home, and prepared a bed for him as good as ever he had. He slept enough, and he wanted it. When day overtook him on the morrow he rose and washed his face and hands and asked mercy and help from God, and if he did not he let it alone; and the old woman prepared breakfast in the best way she could, and it was not the wrong way. He went off then in good courage to the castle of the King, and there was a pole of combat in bat would strike with his sword. He struck the pole a blow that was heard throughout the

whole kingdom.
"Good, good," said the King, "the like of that blow was not struck while I am in this castle." He put his head through a window bove and saw Blaiman outside. Around the rear of the castle was a high

wall set with iron spikes. Few were the spikes without heads on them: some heads were fresh, some with part of the flesh on

wheels of the sky, and if any one were to come from the lower to the upper world, it was to see those two he should come. They were this way at each other to the height of the evening. Blaiman was growing hungry, and through dint of anger he rose with the activity of his limbs and with one stroke of his sword cut off the giant's head. There was a tree growing near. Blaiman knocked off a tough, slender branch, put one end of it in through the left ear and out through the right, then putting the head on the sword and the aword on his shoulder went home to the king. Coming near the eastle with the giant's head he met a man tied in a tree whose name was Hung Up Naked.

"Victory and prosperity to you, young champion," said the man, "you have done well hitherto; now loose me from this."

"Are you long there?" asked Blaiman.

"I am seven years here," answered the other.
"Many a man passed this way during that time. As no man of them loosed you I will not loose you,"

He weet home then and threw down the head

loose you."

He went home then and threw down the head He went home then and threw down the head by the side of the castle. The head was so weighty that the castle shook to its deepest foundations. The King came to the hall door, shook Blaiman's hand and kissed him. They spent that night as the previous night, and on the next day he want to meet the second giant; came to his house and struck the noice of combat; the giant put out his head and said:

"You rascal. I lay a wager it was you who killed my young brother yesterday; you'll pay for it now, for I think it is a sufficient length of life to get a glimpse of you, and I know not what manner of death I should give you."

"It is not to effer satisaction that I am here."

said Blaiman, "but to give you the same as your brother."

"Is it any courage you have to fight me?" asked the giant.

"It is indeed," said Blaiman, "'tis for that I am here."

"What will you have?" asked the giant.

"It is indeed," said Blaiman, "'tis for that I am here."
"What will you have?" asked the giant, "hard thorny wrestling or fighting with sharp gray swords?"
"I prefer hard thorny wrestling," said Blaiman, "as I have practised it on the lawns with noble children."
They seized each other and made soft places hard and hard places soft; they drew wells of spring water through the hard, stony ground, in such iashion that the place underthem was a soft quagmire in which the giant, who wat weighty, was sinking. He sank to his kness. Blaimen then caught hold of him firmly and forced him down to his blos.
"Am I to cut off your head now?" asked Blaiman.
"I not do that," said the giant, "Spare

"Am I to cut off your head now?" asked Blaiman.
"Do not do that," said the giant. "Spare me and I will give you my treasure room and all that I have of gold and silver."
"I will give you your own award," said Blaiman. "If I were in your place and you in mine, would you let me off."
"I would not," said the giant.
Blaiman drew his broad, shadowy sword made in Erin. It had edge, temper, and endurance, and with one blow he took the two theads off the giant and carried the heads to the castle. He passed by Hung Up Naked, who asked him to loose him, but he rofused. When Blaiman threw the heads down, much as the castle shook the first day, it shook more the second.

who asked him to loose him, but he refused. When Blaiman threw the heads down, much as the castle shock the first day, it shock more the second.

The king and his daughter were greatly rejoiced. They stifled him with kisses, drowned him with tears, and dried him with stuffs of silk and satin; they gave him the taste of every food and the odor of every drink. Greek honey and Lochlinn beer in dry warm cups, and the taste of honey in every drop of the beer. I bailing it out, it would be a wonder if I myself was not thirsty.

They passed that night as the night before. Next morning Blaiman was very tired and weary after his two days fight, and the third giant's land was far distant.

"Have you a horse of any kind for me to ride?" asked he of the King.

"Be not troubled," said the King. "There is a stallion in my stable that has not been out for seven years, but fed on red wheat and pure-spring water; if you think you can ride that horse, you may take him."

Blaiman went to the stable; when the horse saw the stranger he hared his teeth back to the ears and made a dive at him to tear him asunder, but Blaiman struck the horse with his fist on the ear and stretched him; the horse rose but was quiet. Braiman bridled and saddled him, then drove out that slender, low-sided, bare-shouldered, long-flanked, tanie, meek-mannered steed, in which were twelve qualities combined: three of a bull, three of a hare, a wift run against a hill, a sharp turn about, and a high leap; three of a hare, and a bind for head; it here of a bull, three of a hare, a swift run against a hill, a sharp turn about, and a high leap; three of a fox, and a brod for head; it roe of a bull, three of a hare, a swift run against a hill, a sharp turn about, and a high leap; three of a fox, and a brod for head; three of a fox, and three of a fox, and a brod for head; it ree of a fox, and three of a fox, and a brod for head; it run against a hill, a sharp turn about, and a high leap; three of a fox, a light, treacherous, proud gait, to take in the two sides o

was in very good courage from the tidings concerning his wife. He journeyed swiftly all day thinking he would reach the castle of Hung Up Naked in the evening, but it was still far away.

He came in the evening to a place like that in which he had been the night previous and thought to himself. I will stay here to-night. He spread his cloth and had food for a king or a chatmpion. He was not long eating when there came opposite him out a hawk and asked: Have you crumbs or burned crusts to give me for my littlechildren?

"Oh, said Blaiman, "come and eat your fill and take away what you are able to carry."

The hawk at his fill. My love to you forever," said the hawk: "this is not how I was treated by the thief who was here three nights ago. When I asked him for food he flung a log of wood at me and almost broke my wing."

"Give me your company a part of the night. I am lonely," said Blaiman.

The hawk remained with him, and later on added: "The lady who went with the thief was doleful and careworn; she ate nothing, but shed tears all the time." When going, and Blaiman had given him all the food he could carry, the hawk said: "If ever you need my assistance, you have only to call for the Hawk of Cold Cliff and I will be with you."

The hawk went away very thankful, and Blaiman was glad that he had tidings again of his wife. Not much of next day overtook him asleep. He rose, ate his breakfust, and hustened forward. He was in such courage that he passed a mountain at a leap, a valley at a step, and a broad untilled field at a hop. Its journeyed all day till he came to a break in the mountain: there he stopped, and was not long eating from his cloth when an otter came down through the given, stood hefore him, and asked: "Will you give me crumbs or burned crusts for my little children?"

Blaiman gave him plenty to eat and all he could carry home. "My love to you forever," said the otter. "When you need aid call on the Otter of Frothy Fool and I will be with you. You are not like the thied who was here three anights ar

came around the second time.

While Hung Up Naked was bound in the tree the tributes of his kingdom remained uncollected, and when he had the woman he wanted safe in his castle, he went to collect the tributes. She had laid an injunction on him to leave her in freedom for a day and a year. She knew when he would be returning, and when that time was near she hid Blaiman.

"Good, good!" cried Hung Up Naked when he came. "I smell on this little sod of truth that a man from Erin is here."

"How could a man from Erin be here?"

"How could a man from Erin be here?"

"Saked Blaiman's wife. "The only person from Erin in this place is a robin. I threw a fork at him. There is a drop of blood on the fork now; that is what you smell on the little sod.

"That may be," said Hung Up Naked.

Blaiman and the wife were planning to destroy Hung Up Naked, but no one had knowledge how to kill him. At last they made a plan to come at the knowledge.

"It is a wonder," said the woman to Hung Up Naked. "that a great man like you should go out alone; my father always takes guards with him."

"I need ne guards; no man can kill me."

with him."

"I need no guards; no man can kill me."

"How is that?"

"Oh, my life is in that block of wood there."

"If it is there "is in a strange place, and it is little trouble you take for it. You should put it in some secure spot in the castle."

"The place is good enough." said he.

When Hung Up Naked weat off next day, the wile told Blaiman all she had heard.

"His life is not there." answered Blaiman. "try him again to-night."

She searched the whole chatle, and what silk or satin or jewels she found she dressed with

and was himself neither eating nor drinking, but seeing justice done those who were eating and drinking. The servants, astonished that the great, threatening beggar was neither eating nor drinking, gave a great cup of wine to him. He took a good draught of the wine, but left still a fair share in the cup. In this be dropped the ring that he got from his wife in her own father's castie, and said to a servant: "Put this cup in the hand of the bride and say, "Its the big beggar that sends back this much of his wine, and asks you to drink to your own health."

She was astonished, and taking the oun to

he was astonished, and taking the oup to She was astonished, and taking the oup to the window saw a ring at the bottom. She took the ring, knew it, and ran out wild with delight through the people. All thought 'twas enchantment the beggar had used, but she embraced him and kissed him. The servants surrounded the beggar to selze him. The King's daughter ordered themost and brought him into the castie, and Blaiman locked the doors. The bride then out a girdle around the Queen's waist, and this was a girdle of truth. If any one having it on did not tell the truth, the girdle would shrink and tighten and squeere the life out of that person.

"Tell me now," said the bride, "who your elder son's father is."

"Who is he," said the Queen. "but the King."

The girdle grew tighter and tighter till the

Who is he," said the Queen. "but the King?"
The girdle grew tighter and tighter till the Queen screamed: "The coachman."
Who is the second son's father?"
"The butler."
"Who is your daughter's father?"

Who is your daughter's father?"

Who is your daughter's father?"

"The King."

"I knew." said the bride, "that there was no kingly blood in the veins of the two from the way that they treated my husband." She told them all present how the two had taken her away and left her husband behind. When the mother saw her son she dropped almost dead from delight.

The King now commanded his subjects to bring poles and branches and all dry wood and make down a great fire. The heads and heels of the Queen's two sons were tied together and they were flung in and burned to sches.

Blaiman remained awhile with his grandfather, and then took his wife back to her father's kingdom, where they lived many years.

GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY. How a Ship's Boy and Two Women Beat Off a Mutinous Crew.

Copyright. 1892, by Charles B. Lewis. the Caps of Good Hope for Bombay, consisted of Captain, two mates, steward, cook, ship's boy, and eight men before the mast-fourteen in all. Capt. Richards, who was part owner, was a man of thirty, and was married to a very handsome English girl at the Cape, only two weeks before we left port. She not only accompanied him on the voyage, but her sister Emma, a girl of twenty, was on board, though she did not intend to return with the brig.

Our cargo was a curious one. It had come from two or three derelicts which had been picked up at sea and brought in. and their cargoes sold at auction. Agents for parties at Bombay had bid for enough to load a ship, and the Penguin had then been chartered. Captain and mates and one seaman were English. There were two Spaniards, a Lascar, a negro, two Norwegians, and a man who claimed to be an American. Steward and cook were negroes. I had run away from the Nantucket whaler Obadiah M. Jones, and there was no question about my being a Yankee. then lacked three months of being 15 years old. The crew was up to the average, and had the voyage been free from disaster no complaint could have been lodged against them. I can remember that some of the men growled and grumbled because of the two ladies aboard, and others

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by the people in the cabin, but they were among the first to go. They were very impudent about it, too, and it was pretty plain that the entire lot were determined to do as they pleased. The men were gone about three hours and returned in high spirits. The island was a veritable paradise, they said, and they proposed making a permanent camp about a mile from the trig. Tom bean had apparently been chosen as their leader, and he was very independent and saucy. He ordered his crowd to help thomselves to whatever they fancied, and when Chipps remonstrated bean threatened him. They collected bedding, spare sails, beef, oread, flour, and other provisions, and then removed the main hatch and broke out a cask of brandy and broached it. The Captain knew what was going on, but he felt that he was powerless.

The ingrates left the brig loaded down with plunder, and we knew they would enter upon a spree which might last until next day. Chipps and I get the dead body of the mate down on the sands and burled if, cleared up the decks, attended to the wants of those in the cabin as far as able, and it being now about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, he lowered himself over the bows to search for something we could make use of as a signal staff. He carried with him a light x, and did not expect to be absent over half an hour. Two hours had slipped away without his return when the Captain sent for me to say:

"Harry, I'm worried over Chipps. I believe Dean's gang has made him prisoner. Go at once and pull inhoard every rope by which they can board us."

The trig was on an even keel and her rail was ten or eleven feet above the sands. Her bowsprit had been broken off with the masts, and one could not board her by way of the forechains. I had pulled in the half dozen ropes hanging over when Chipps suddenly appeared. He was halless and coalless, with blood on his acc, hands, and shirt. I threw him a rope, and he was over the rail in a minute and crying to me:

"I'm with the rope. Harry, and then bring the fowling piece."

In with the ro

she said, as she came up and picked up the other fowling piece. "I know how to shoot, and if they attempt to come on board we must drive them back, even if we have to shed blood!"

I assured her that I stood ready to do my best, and two or three minutes later the whole gang of men broke cover and came to a halt before us. They saw our heads above the rail, but not our firearms. Dean was carrying the ax taken from Chipps. They were a bit surprised to find no ropes at hand, and Doancommanded me to throw over a couple. When I rofused the gang began to curse and threaten, and the negro salior called out in a loud voice that they had done for Chipps and meant to serve the rest of us in the same way. Finding me determined not to assist them in boarding, two men stood against the hull, and the steward, who was a light man, sprang on their shoulders and grassed the foremast channel plates on the port side. Three others did the same on the starocard elde.

"We must shoot!" whispered Emma, as I told her what was going on. You take that side, and I'll attend to this."

We were both badly ratifed. I know I shook like a leaf, and my teeth kept up a clashing, and the girl was so white faced and made such efforts to keep her feet that I expacted to see her sink down every instant. The two men shoved their heads above the rail at the same instant, and our two guns made but one report. They were loaded with swan shot, and the men were dead before they struck the sands. The others raised a yell and retreated into the woods, and I fired a second shot to accelerate their pace. Emma did not faint. On the contrary, she grew cool and calm, and after three or four minutes went to the cabin to report. There was a dead man on each side of the ship, and there lay the axe where Dean had dropped it as he started for cover. I threw over a rope and alid down, and secured the axe, and was hardly safe on deck again when Dean halled from the woods. It was to say that the men were only on a lark, and that they mean to evil to any one. They were

gathered around him and told him what had occurred, he simply said:
"ded bless you, boys, fur yer kindness to me! It led to save poor Tom, but I - I couldn't do it! I'm so tired! Let me sleep!"
And seeming to sleep, he passed away without another word.

Having Fun With Bill.

"Gentlemen." said the old farmer as be came up the steps of the hotel veranda. "I'm a Christian man and a prayin' man, and may the Lord forgive me for what I'm about to do!" "What are you about to do?" asked one of

"I'm about to ask if there is anybody among "I'm about to ask if there is anybody among you who kin put on the boxin' gloves and knock my son Bill into the middle of next week! Bill is 20 years old, and he's got a fit on to be a prize fighter. I've talked and talked, but it den't do no good. He's as sot as a mule, and nuthin' will change him till somebody comes along and knocks his cum off."

"Where is your son?" asked the man whe had spoken before.

"Over here in a place they call the rink. He's even blowin' around that he's goin' to open a boxin' skule. Consarn him, but he thinks I don't know putty!"

"And you want some one to put on the gloves and crack his new?"

"I dew, and I'll give the cracker \$5 fur his work. Do you scrap, as they call it?"

"Just a little—just enough to make your son Bill see about a million stars while he is falling. I'm feeling pretty well this morning, and will go over and tickle William on the chin."

"Good! The flave is yours if you do it. Hain'y you a drummer?"

"Yes I travel for a Buffalo house, but that's no reason why I can't have some lun with your son Bill."

"Not a bit of it. Don't break his neck or anything, but put him to sleep, as they call it. You know how to do it."

The drummer looked like an athlete, and from the confident smile on his face we had no doubt of his provess as a boxer. The whole crowd went over to the rink, and Bill was found mending a rip in an old glove. He was long and lauky. He had white eyebrows and a vacant expression in his turnip colored eyea. A number of the villagers dropped in, and pretty som the drummer picked up a glove and said."

"Wonder if there is any one around here who can box?"

"I believe my son Bill over that does a leetle." you who kin put on the boxin' gloves and

pretty soon the drummer picked up a glove and said:

"Wonder if there is any one around here who can box?"

I believe my son Bill over thar does a leetle boxin," replied the old man as he happened in just then.

"Does he? Here—you—want to put on the gloves?"

"I don't keer," replied Bill, and he slowly got up and thrust his big sun-burned paws into a pair of gloves.

"Idon't keer," replied Bill, and he slowly got up and thrust his big sun-burned paws into a pair of gloves.

"Piny him a couple of minits and then crack him," whispered the father.

As the two squared off Bill appeared as awkward as a haycock on stilts, but for all that the drummer failed to get in on him. After about a minute, and while we were wondering why Bill didn't drop, the Buffalo man suddenly fell in a heap and lay like a log. It took us ten minutes to bring him to. It took him another ten to locate his surroundings and say:

"Some of you boys help me over to the hotel and then get a doctor to set my jaw."

"I thought you was goin' to make Bill see stars," said the old man, as he came up.

"You go away, you old villain?"

"Gentlemen. listen to him? As I'm a Christian man and a prayin' man. I had the oxen and cart all ready behind the rink to load Bill in and take him home to die. I didn't spose Bill could knock a grasshopper off a post. Won't some of the rest of you gentlemen put up your dukes, as they call it, and slam him to hash? It's \$50 fur the slammer."

But William waited in vain. No slammer appeared, and an hour later the old man passed the hotel on his way home and yelled at his oxen:

"Haw, thar, Noro—gee up, Buck! Whoa, now! Gentlemen, I'm mighty sorry, but I was decelved in Bill myself. Stand still, Buck! If any of the rest of you should feel like.—"

But we rose up and threw chairs at him, and drove him away.

